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GOING TO THE FAIR?

What to Do if You Desire Practical Information.

If you contemplate visiting the St. Louis Exposition, to secure reliable information as to railroad services, the lowest rates and the best routes. Also as to the local conditions in St. Louis; hotels, etc., etc.

If you will write the undersigned, stating what information you desire, the same will be promptly furnished. If we do not have it on hand, will secure it for you if possible, and without any expense to you. Address

B. H. TRUMBULL,
Commercial Agent, 142 Third street,
Portland, Ore.

Special Excursion to the World's Fair.

The Denver & Rio Grande, in connection with the Missouri Pacific, will run a series of personally conducted excursions to the world's fair during June. These excursions will run through to St. Louis without change of cars, making short stops at principal points enroute. The first of these excursions will leave Portland June 7th, and the second June 17th. The rate from Astoria will be \$67.50 to St. Louis and return. Excursionists going via the Denver & Rio Grande have the privilege of returning via a different route. This is the most pleasant way, as well as the most delightful route, to cross the continent. The stops arranged give an opportunity to visit the various points of interest in and about Salt Lake City, Denver and Kansas City. If you wish to accompany one of these excursions write at once to W. C. McBride, 124 Third street, Portland, for sleeping car reservations.

The Northern Pacific Railway Company will place round trip tickets from Portland to St. Louis and return on account of the world's fair on sale as follows:

- June 16th, 17th and 18th.
- July 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
- August 8th, 9th and 10th.
- Sept. 5th, 6th and 7th.
- October 3rd, 4th and 5th.

The round trip rate to St. Louis and return from Portland will be \$67.50. Tickets will be good for return via any direct line.

A round trip rate of \$72.50 will also be made from Portland to Chicago and return.

If a passenger desires to take in both Chicago and St. Louis the round trip rate will be \$75.00.

All tickets will be good for 90 days from date of sale. Tickets will be good going ten days from date of sale so that a limited stop-over can be had on the going trip and on the return trip passengers can stop at their pleasure west of the Missouri river or St.

GOING EAST

TRAVEL IS GENUINE PLEASURE ON
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Finest and Fastest series of trains in the world. Palatial Coaches, Pullman Buffet Parlor and Drawing Room Cars.

The Finest Dining Car Service in the World.

Is operated by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

B. M. AUSTIN, General Pass. Agt. - Chicago, Ill.

THE ACTIONS OF A YACHT THAT IS SINKING

The Peculiar Antics of a Stricken Ship Just Before She Plunges Into the Sea--Brilliant Description.

One of the most stirring stories of the year, as well as one of the most interesting from a scientific standpoint, is "The Wreck of the Edna," by Captain T. Jenkins Hains, which appears in the June Success. The most remarkable part of the story is that it is based on fact. Captain Hains, who is the author of several books of the sea, started for the Bermudas last winter with his wife, a sailor and a cabin boy in a little yawl, the Edna. They encountered a terrible storm, were driven 400 miles out of their course, suffered starvation for five days, and the little craft was rapidly sinking when the party was rescued. Captain Hains stuck manfully by his boat, and his story of her actions in the midst of the storm are thus described:

The sea grew heavier until it was a moving mountain full 40 feet from trough to crest, the heaviest sea I ever encountered in the gulf stream, where I had ridden out many heavy blows. As it drew toward evening again, the wind freshened in a heavy squall. A little rain fell and the tops of the following combers grew more and more dangerous. A huge fellow rose some 20 feet or more above us even while the Edna was rising up the slope, and through its top the green light shone. Then down it fell like a wall of water over us and crashed six feet deep over the yacht, burying her in the smother. It was an appalling smash, and, as I was abaft of the wheel, I grasped the spokes and set my knees under it to hold on, but it almost tore me loose and smashed my breast bone so solidly against the wheel-spokes that I could hardly breathe for half a minute. The cockpit was full of water, but the cabin doors held. I watched the wave surge against the doors and heard a banging from the inside and knew that Anton was trying to get out to see what had become of me. Finally, after the water ran off, I opened the hatch and he came on deck, followed by Sam. The shock below was like a crash of thunder and they were ready to do what they could to save our little ship.

Seeing that it was getting worse and worse, and that something must be done to keep her clear of the following seas, we decided to rig a drag of the anchor and whatever floats we could lash to it. She could not take in any more seas over her stern. Calling all hands, I set Anton and Sam at work getting up all the cork fenders. These they lashed about their waists with stout lines. The side ladder was also called into use and a bridle bent to it. Then came the dangerous task of getting the gear forward.

It had to be done, however, and there could be no hanging back. Anton looked about him for a few moments as if to take in the situation. Sam did likewise, and then they both lay flat and crawled forward along the top of the cabin-trunk, while I held her as true before the sea as possible.

They had just gotten the anchor clear and were bending on the floats when another hill of water rose astern. We were becalmed under its slope. Then it towered above us and fell like an

avalanche over the ship. When I could see again there was no sign of life forward. A moment showed Anton with his arms clasped about the windlass bitts. Sam had gone.

I looked astern. There on the top of the following comber was a dark object. Sam's face turned toward me. His eyes were gazing with a straining look of desperate fear, and he was swimming strongly, trying to regain the flying craft. A great hill of water rose astern and he sank over the slope—that was the last we saw of him. For an instant I thought of his old mother waiting there on the barren sand-spit, waiting for the son who would never come back. But there was no time for thinking then, and I yelled to Anton to make the floats fast and let the anchor go. I would leave her up as he did so. But the roar of the gale was deafening, and, although he was but 20 feet distant, he could not hear what I said. He finally came crawling aft. Then I told him what to do and he crawled laboriously back again. The side ladder was gone, but the fenders had been lashed on in time, and Anton was just stepping on the bowsprit shrouds to swing them clear when I instinctively looked over my shoulder. We were down, away down at the bottom of the trough of a mighty sea, and I could tell by the feel of her that she would never rise out of it and go clear. I bawled to Anton to hold on, and he turned just as the Edna started sternward up the following slope. She rose high in the air, and I remember looking down over her bow at the chasm below. She rose almost perpendicularly, and yet behind and above me rose the awful wall with the green light showing through its crest. Then the Edna actually fell, plunging bow foremost into the trough below, and, as she did so, the wall of water behind fell over her. I remember looking almost straight down the deck toward the bow and seeing the bowsprit take the water on top instead of underneath. I saw it pitchfork into the trough and snap off, pulling the masthead with it. Our vessel had fallen straight down that sea, as if dropped from a height in mid-air, like a stick plunged endwise into the water. A terrific blow in the back from the great weight of water almost crushed me against the wheel. That was all I saw.

ILLINOIS CONVENTION.

After Recess of Eleven Days Will Reconvene Tomorrow.

Springfield, Ill., May 30.—The republican state convention, after a recess of 11 days, will reconvene tomorrow afternoon to resume balloting for a candidate for governor. The previous session covered more than a week, and 53 futile ballots were taken, leaving the seven aspirants for nomination about where they stood at the end of the first ballot.

All headquarters have reopened and all aspirants for the nomination are present, except Governor Yates, who will arrive from Chicago tomorrow.

BUSINESS WILL SUSPEND.

During Funeral Services of Senator Quay All Trade Will Stop.

Beaver, Pa., May 30.—During the funeral services of Senator Quay tomorrow Beaver valley will be as quiet as a tomb. Not a wheel will turn in the mills and factories, not a store or shop will be open. Many places of business will be draped in black. During the funeral the street cars will be stopped and left standing in the streets.

TRIBUTES TO MCKINLEY.

Flowers Sent to Mrs. McKinley for Her Husband's Tomb.

Canton, Ohio, May 30.—Floral offerings from widely separated portions of the country were received by Mrs. McKinley today to be placed on the tomb of her husband. Among those who sent memorials were President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

HARLEM REGATTA.

Good Sport Along the Speedway Yesterday Before Large Crowds.

New York, May 30.—Thousands of spectators lined the banks of the Speedway course, Harlem, today, when the thirty-eighth annual races of the Har-

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men Regatta Association were rowed in the rowing race. He was decisively beaten by Vesly, of the First Bohemian Boat Club, and could not come up with him at any time in the race; in fact, he only defeated Feussel, the local sculler, by a narrow margin.

IDEAL

Cash Register,

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